

Your Voice Is From Heaven

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Your Voice Is From Heaven

by [Shhbequiet](#)

Summary

Dream teases George with his voice to rile him up.

Notes

this work is part of a series! please read it in order

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream waited until George was streaming to pounce. He was mid stream, playing some stupid new game that required concentration, Dream never kept up with different sort of games, so he had no idea. That wasn't important though.

Dream joined the call George was in by himself. He said a quick hello, George immediately replied with the usual, "I'm streaming!"

"I know, I know." Dream replied, voice scratchy.

"Did you just wake up? Your voice sounds weird."

Dream cleared his throat, "Yeah." He hadn't. Sapnap had fucked him so hard last night, his voice was completely wrecked.

George accepted the excuse quickly, "Anyway, I don't know if I'll be able to focus on talking, this game is super frustrating."

"Hm, that's fine. I was just gonna practice my speedrunning, didn't want to do it alone." Dream booted up Minecraft, his goal wasn't really practicing, but he might as well.

He sat in mostly silence for awhile, listening to George talk to chat and read donos.

His character made its way through the nether, where he purposely missed a jump.

He whined, loud.

"That sucks!" His voice trailed off, rough and broken.

"W-what happened?" George asked in surprised.

"I missed a jump and fell in lava." He let his voice go high and whiny again.

"O-oh that's too bad, haha m-maybe you just suck." George stuttered out the words.

Dream smiled secretly. When he thought of this idea, he wasn't sure it would work. Sapnap assured him that George was head over heels for him though, and if anything could turn him on, it would be Dream's voice.

Form the sound of George's own voice, he was definitely affected.

He continued like that, voice going high when he didn't get his way. (Mostly done on purpose, it wasn't often that Dream actually screwed up by accident.)

It all came to a head when Dream was trading with some piglins.

Dream sighed dramatically, "I'm getting no pearls." He paused.

"Pleeease Sir? I've been so *good*."

George choked, dying in game.

"Well, since I died again, I might as well end here. Sorry if I missed any donations guys, bye!" George raced through his outro.

"Ending stream already?" Dream questioned.

George clicked off his streaming tab, hands shaking. "Um, yeah, I was just getting kind of bored."

"Oh. Well I have to go, sadly. I'll talk to you later?" This was a bit of a gamble on Dream's part. He wasn't going anywhere, but George was infamous for forgetting to leave calls after everyone was gone, he was *hoping* he would forget again.

"Yeah, okay. Bye." His words were short and to the point, Dream could hear some shuffling in the back.

"Bye!" Dream didn't leave the call, instead he played the leaving sound over his headset and muted himself. He took a deep breath, moment of truth, would George leave the call?

"Fuck, can't believe he came on my steam sounding *like that*. How was I supposed to focus." George muttered to himself. He had taken his headset off, but his mic was still set up like usual, so he could be heard clearly.

Dream laughed, George was talking to himself. Talking to himself about Dream.

Dream heard the sound of a cap opening, a few seconds later, slicked up fingers teased his entrance. Dream laid back in his chair, letting himself enjoy the sensation of getting stretched out.

"Fuck, that's enough." George finished his prepping early, no doubt eager to get his dick inside something after all of Dream's teasing.

He eased the fleshlight down, groaning at the tight fit. Dream let his mouth open, small gasps escaping as his cock spread him open.

George stroked his cock with the toy slowly, "Want you to whine on my cock." He spoke to himself. Dream listened, letting out real whines now.

George stopped, aggressive typing starting from his keyboard. Dream heard his headset being put back on his head, worry filled him, would he notice he was still in the call?

George moaned, "Yeah, call me Sir." He said breathlessly.

Oh. George was watching the clip back. George was jerking off to the sound of Dream's voice.

"So good for me, baby. Feel so perfect on my cock."

Dream mewled, the slow fucking combined with George's praise was driving him crazy.

Dream's hand shook as he reached for his mouse. He needed George to know he was here, needed to get that praise directly.

He unmuted, "Georgie, please." He whined.

George gasped, surprised. "Dream? W-what are you-"

"The fleshlight, Georgie. It's *me*, I can feel you fucking me right now." He explained, god he hoped George would understand quickly.

George thrust up sharply, a punched moan left Dream's mouth.

"Holy shit, you're not kidding." The shock was evident in his voice.

Dream shook his head to himself, "It's always been me, made it for you. Made one for Sapnap too."

"Fuck!" George bucked his hips up again.

"Yes! Please Sir!" He cried out.

"You're so good, Dream. Made us our own toys, made us feel so good." George let the praise fall from his mouth.

"Wait..." He stopped abruptly.

Dream sobbed, "What? No, please keep going!"

"Dream! I left a vibrator in the toy a few days ago!" George yelled, worry filling his voice.

"Yes! Felt so good, came over and over for *hours*. Sapnap helped me get off too!" Dream tried to explain his worries away.

George groaned, picturing Dream squirming for hours on the phantom feel of the vibrator. He started thrusting again, cock shifting its position till he heard Dream shriek.

"Ah! Right there! Please don't stop again!" Dream begged with the need to get off.

"Okay, I've got you baby. You've been so good, deserve to cum for me, yeah?"

"Yes! I'm so good, Sir! Please let me cum on your cock!" Dream whimpered out, hips trusting back on nothing.

George teased his fingers around the opening of the fleshlight, feeling ~~the toy~~ Dream spasm around him.

"Hhng!"

"Yeah," George goaded him on. "Good boy, cum on my cock."

Dream sobbed, broken voice cutting out as his cock twitched, cumming all over his stomach, some hitting his desk.

George gasped at the sudden tightness around him, hips bucking up desperately as he came in the toy.

They panted over the call together. "Your cum's leaking out of me. I should clean up."

George groaned, "My cum appears inside of you?"

He laughed, "Yeah, lube and cum appears inside me in real life, you don't know how many times I've been fucked silly and had to clean up that mess."

"Jesus, don't talk like that. Gonna make me hard again."

Dream pouted, "Is that a challenge?"

"No." He said, voice warm with affection.

"Well, I'm just a call away when you need me George, or you know, you could just use me whenever you want, I can't stop you." Dream teased.

George groaned again, cock twitching at the premise.

End Notes

my phone autocorrects "tight" to "right". y'all don't know how many times ive had to correct "dream's right hole"

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